

**MACAULAY'S
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME**

AND

THE ARMADA

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By A. CAMERON

PRINCIPAL COUNTY ACADEMY, CAMBOURNE, N. S.



**A. & W. MACKINLAY,
HALIFAX, N. S.,
1892.**

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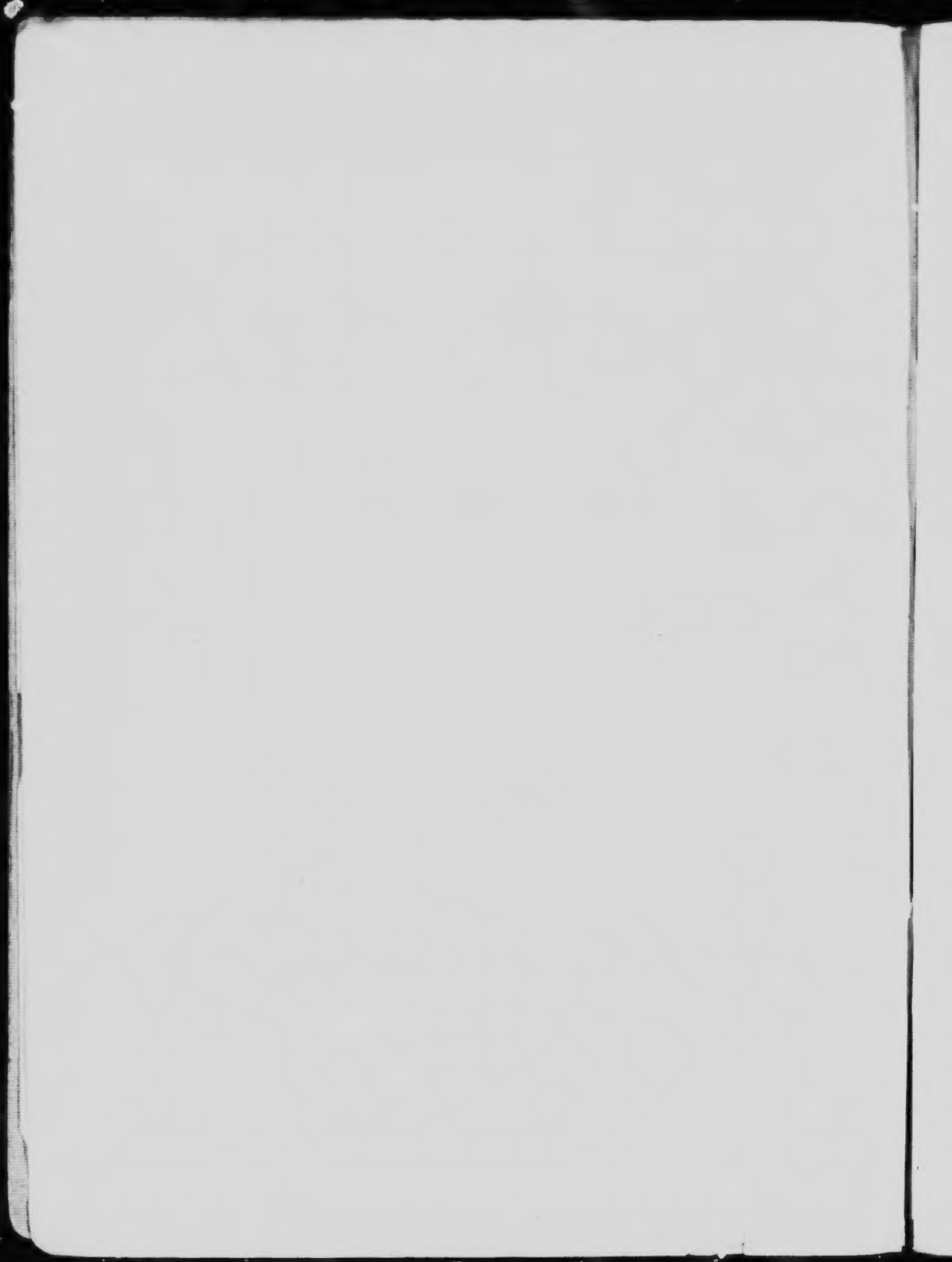
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MACAULAY'S
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME
AND
THE ARMADA



PREFACE.

THIS edition of "The Armada" and the "Roman Lays" has been prepared for the use of students in the High Schools of Nova Scotia.

The poems are given at full length—the breaks in "Virginia" are Macaulay's own,—and the text is the same as that of all the editions. Some punctuation marks may not be just the same as in some editions, but apart from this the variations are very few and very slight. In "Horatius" 106 some read FOLKS and some FOLK, in 138 some print I WIS and some IWIS, in "Capys" 186 some spell VAIL and some VEIL, and in "Regillus" 213 one edition has M.A.I instead — MEN.

Macaulay's prefaces to the "Lays" were not written for schoolboys, and only extracts from them are given here. When the years bring wider knowledge and riper judgment the student may fling aside his schoolbook and get a man's edition.

In the Notes it is assumed that the student has access to dictionaries, maps, histories of England and Rome, and other common works of reference; and that he has been taught how to use them. He need not look in the notes here for information that can be readily found there by any intelligent schoolgirl. Some such informa-

tion has probably leaked in, but the editor has tried hard to keep it out.

Such as they are, the notes should not be looked at — nor should any others — until each poem has been read over and over again, so that the student is quite familiar with it as a whole. Let him leave the puzzling passages and words alone at first, — and indeed it is good to leave some of them alone at the very last: one is not bound to solve all puzzles during one's schooldays.

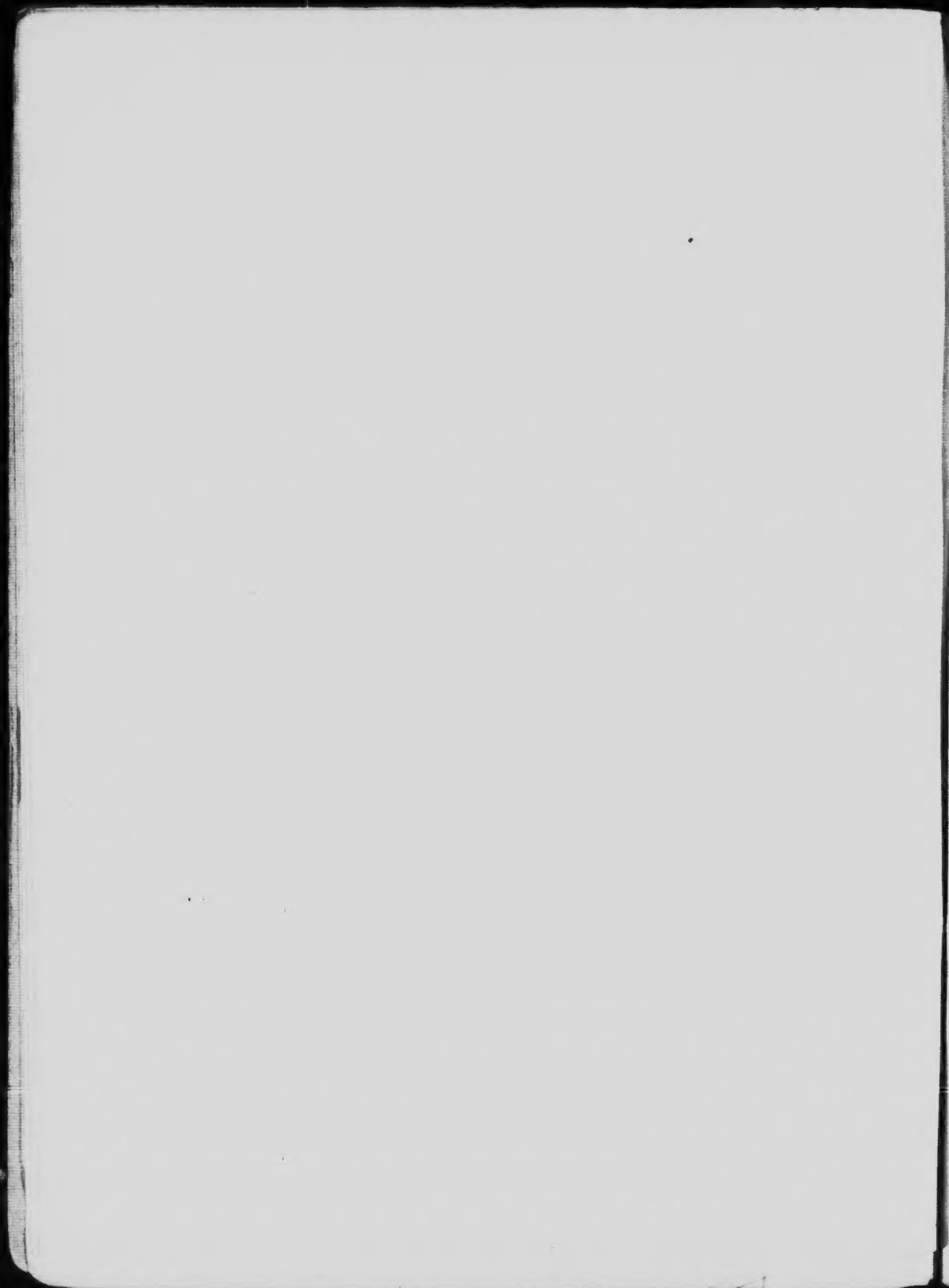
In the "Lays," such names of persons and places as are of frequent occurrence in history and literature, should be looked up and studied, so as to become part of the student's stock of general information. In selecting these names he will be guided by his teacher, his history of Rome, and his map. The other proper names will, of course, be enjoyed for their taste in the mouth and for their sound in the ear, but beyond this there should not be much worrying about them.

In all four "Lays," but especially in the last two, the student should be careful to distinguish between the circumstances connected with the subject of the "Lay" and those connected with the supposed time of making and singing it.

SOME DATES AND EVENTS IN MACAULAY'S LIFE.

- 1800. Born October 25th, at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire.
- 1818. Entered Trinity College, Cambridge.
- 1825. Essay on Milton in "Edinburgh Review."
- 1830. M. P. for Calne.
- 1832. Takes an active part in favour of the Reform Bill.
- 1832. M. P. for Leeds in the Reformed Parliament, and Secretary of the Board of Control for India.
- 1833. THE ARMADA.
- 1834. Goes to India as Member of the Supreme Council.
- 1838. Back in England.
- 1839. M. P. for Edinburgh. Secretary at War till 1841.
- 1842. LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.
- 1846. Paymaster-General.
- 1847. Loses his seat for Edinburgh.
- 1848. Volumes I. and II. of the History.
- 1852. Again M. P. for Edinburgh.
- 1855. Volumes III. and IV. of the History.
- 1857. Raised to the Peerage. "He enjoyed it," says his sister, Lady Trevelyan, "as he did everything, simply and cordially."
- 1859. Died December 28th.
- 1860. January 9th: Buried in Westminster Abbey.

For a sketch of Macaulay's life, *v.* T. C. Allen's edition of the essay on Milton, or any good encyclopædia or biographical dictionary. If you can get hold of "The Life and Letters" by his nephew Sir George Otto Trevelyan, read that in preference to everything else on the subject.



THE ARMADA.

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;

10 And the tall Pinta, till the noon had held her close in
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,

20 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
 Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
 shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
 bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
 hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
 flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
 blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;

30 Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unturled that banner's massy
 fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
 of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
 shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
 Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
 For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
 spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on
 Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
 shire,

40 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
 points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
 waves.

The rugged miner poured to war from Mendip's sunless
 caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
 herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
 Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-
red light,
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence
broke,
50 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring
in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
60 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bound
still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Wily's stately
fane,
70 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

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NOTES TO THE ARMADA.

(1833).

In Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* we are told : — "In the 'Friendship's Offering' of 1833, one of those mawkish annual publications of the album species which were then in fashion, appeared his poem of 'The Armada,' whose swinging couplets read as if somewhat out of place in the company of such productions."

It is only "A Fragment," as its author states in the title. It is a great pity that we could not have had a complete ballad in the same spirited style and in the same "swinging couplets." As it is, there is little or nothing about the Armada; and the Fragment might as well have been called 'The Lighting of the Bencors.'

The student should trace out on his map the course of the fiery signals which flamed out from hill and headland on that famous July night in 1588. There are no notes given here on the names of hills, towns, rivers, plains, capes, etc., which can easily be found on any good map, or in any gazetteer. But some half-dozen or so of the place-names are those of castles, halls, or towers, — historic in themselves and the seats of historic families, — and notes on these will be found under the number of the line where each is mentioned.

Line 1. LIST : — Which of the following "LISTS" is this? — (a) "Lay thine ear close to the ground and LIST if thou canst hear the tread of travellers." (b) "Go to bed when she LIST, rise when she LIST."

1. ENGLAND : — Is this the right word? Would it be the right word in a ballad on Crecy, or Blenheim, or Trafalgar, or Waterloo, or Balaklava, or Candahar, or Omdurman?

2. I TELL : — In his Roman Lays Macaulay makes ancient Romans tell the stories; his *Ivry* is a song of the Huguenots; his *Naseby* is a psalm by a Puritan sergeant. Who tells the story here?

4. THE RICHEST SPOILS OF MEXICO : — Froude says in the Armada chapter of his history: "On the fleet itself the treasures of the Indian mines had for three years been freely lavished."

THE STOUTEST HEARTS OF SPAIN : — The Spain of 1588 was a very different power from the Spain of 1898 which the United States found it such an easy matter to crush. Her king at this time was Philip II., the husband of our queen Mary Tudor. In Tennyson's drama *Queen Mary*, Act 5, Scene I., Philip is leaving England and his wife. He says "Many voices call me hence." Mary asks "What voices, and how many?"

PHILIP. — "The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan, —
The voices of Franche-Comté and the Netherlands,

The voices of Peru and Mexico
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the East."

MARY. — "You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little queen."

For a prose commentary on these speeches, and for a contrast between the Spain of Philip and that of even two hundred years ago, — when it was not so decrepit as it was in 1898, — look at some of the paragraphs near the beginning of Macaulay's essay on Lord Mahon's War of the Succession.

5. It was a Friday evening in July; try to find the exact date. Get some one to tell you the story of the famous match at bowls that was going on then.

Cf. this line from Macaulay's Battle of Naseby: —

"It was about the noon of a glorious day of June."

6-10. She was a Scots privateer: her master's name, Fleming. In Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* chap. 30, Capt. Fleming tells his news to Lord Howard in this wise: — "If I didn't see the Spanish fleet late sun-down, coming along half-moon wise, and full seven mile from wing to wing, within a four mile of me, I'm a sinner."

Why CASTILE's, and why BLACK? Why not use the more familiar name ALDERNEY? Was it really down there that the Armada was first seen?

12. EDGECUMBE: — This is a hill on the west side of Plymouth Sound, two miles from the town. The HALL is the seat of Lord Mount-Edgumbe.

14. POST: — Look up the different meanings, and the derivation.

15. UNBONNETED: — What was a bonnet in those days?

STOUT: — Which of its meanings have we here?

18. Make a drawing of Her Grace's standard, and another of Her present Majesty's.

19. Here the bells "gaily dance," in 52 they "clash": Why?

24. Why PLUME with BOHEMIA, and BOW with GENOA?

CÆSAR: — He was the son of the King of Bohemia and bore the title "King of the Romans."

25. Trevelyan tells us: "Lord Macaulay was born . . . on the 25th of October, the day of St. Crispin, the anniversary of Agincourt (as he liked to say)."

26. For the French loss at Agincourt, *v.* Shakespeare's Henry V. 4, 8.

27-28. Why should he vary the construction as he does in these lines?

30. SEMPER EADEM: — This was Queen Elizabeth's motto. The banner (*v.* lines 21-2) "seems to have been first introduced by Henry VIII., and was retained by Elizabeth." If you have access to a copy of the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, look at the article on Flag.

33. How do "dusky" and "purple" agree with your own observation under similar circumstances?

35. Quote anything like this line that you have read or heard anywhere.

BERWICK BOUNDS "applies to the eastern part of the town in which the jurisdiction was exclusively English."

38. If your map does not give St. Michael's Mount, look for Mount's Bay. This is the "mount" of Milton's Lycidas, 161-2 :—

"Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayonna's hold."

40. To the Spaniards "far on the deep," the beacons look like "twinkling points of fire." To the burghers of Carlisle the beacon on Skiddaw is a "red glare." Compare the intermediate descriptive touches.

43. LONGLEAT :—The home of the Marquis of Bath in Wiltshire.

CRANBOURNE :—In the north-east of Dorsetshire. There is an old priory there, which belongs to the Marquis of Salisbury, and which gives the title of Viscount Cranbourne to his eldest son.

44. BEAULIEU :—The name of an abbey, and of a river which runs through the New Forest in Hampshire.

46. Clifton is about a mile below Bristol. For DOWN *v.* the dictionary.

47. The Whitehall of to-day is a broad street leading from Trafalgar Square south towards Westminster, and is occupied by several government offices, such as the Horse Guards, the Treasury, etc. The Whitehall of the text was the London residence of the English sovereigns from Henry VIII. (*v.* Shakespeare's Henry VIII., 4, 1, 97) to William III. Macaulay calls it "the most celebrated palace in which the sovereigns of England have ever dwelt," (*v.* chap. 23 of his history for an account of its destruction by fire in 1698.)

What historical events are associated with Whitehall Palace? What were Elizabeth's other palaces? (She was born in one, and died in another.)

What are the royal residences now? Which is the London one?

48. Richmond Hill is a beautiful spot on the right bank of the Thames, about ten miles above London. The Star and Garter Inn in the town is famous in English history and fiction.

51. GATES — FIRES :—Some London streets, etc. still preserve the names of the old city-gates, — *e. g.*, Ludgate, Billingsgate, Aldgate, Newgate, Moorgate, etc.

The fires on the gates, like those on the towers and lofty halls, were lighted in a sort of iron cage on the highest part of the roof or tower.

53. VOICE OF FEAR :—What does this mean?

59. Blackheath lies back of Greenwich. It is now chiefly noted for golf, as it was formerly for the robbery of belated travellers. It was here that the mayor and aldermen of London came to meet Henry V. on his triumphant return from Agincourt. Here, too, Wat Tyler in Richard II.'s time, and Jack Cade in Henry VI.'s time assembled the rebellious Kentish men.

62. Hampstead is a hill in the north of London commanding a beautiful and extensive view, — north to Barnet, south to Sydenham, east to Gravesend, and west to Windsor.

65. DARWIN :—Look for the Derwent on your map.

67. Which twelve? Is there any such spot in this country?

71. Belvoir Castle is the principal seat of the Duke of Rutland. It is in the north-east corner of Leicestershire. The name is pronounced BEAVER: *cf.* Cholmondeley, Marjoribanks, Beauchamp, Colquhoun.

73. GAUNT'S EMBATTLED PILE is Lancaster Castle. It was once the

residence of John of Gaunt, but ever since the reign of Elizabeth has it served as a county prison and seat of administration of justice. It occupies the summit of a bold eminence which rises above the town of Lancaster.

From Lancaster to Skiddaw is over forty miles, from Skiddaw to Carlisle is twenty.

Draw a map of England and mark with red all the places mentioned in the poem.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTHOR'S GENERAL PREFACE AND FROM HIS PREFACES TO THE SEVERAL LAYS.

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THE early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clælia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

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The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. . . .

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost

wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. . . .

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. . . .

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange.

It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. . . .

. . . The Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by

which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in no wise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empires and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the *Iliad* still greater obligations are due, and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

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HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted, could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

Niebuhr's supposition, that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes, is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

THE following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated: for, in an age of ballad-poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things, by every minstrel. . . . Thus in our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas; England is merry England; all the gold is red; and all the ladies are gay.

[The story of] the Battle of the Lake Regillus [as it has come down to us] is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the Iliad, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him. . . . Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner. . . . Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his

horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honour on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle, and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained. . . . It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favour of the Twin Gods. . . . It is conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. . . .

. . . It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed, on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All

the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. . . . It is likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution of their festival. . . .

Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the *Iliad*, which have been purposely introduced.

VIRGINIA.

A COLLECTION consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though he were distinguished by his valour and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his

country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays: Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical colouring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. . . .

. . . We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, [the popular minstrels] employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonourable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valour. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been intrusted with an

army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honoured with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favourite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonour by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred

against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favourite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that, according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The Gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favour with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favourite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain.

They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

[*v.* History of Rome for the story of the Tarentum insult and the defeat of Pyrrhus by Curius Dentatus.]

The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success; for their glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, wagons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. . . .

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of *Io triumphe*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candour; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin

ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations, than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he trouble himself little about dates, and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

1

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

2

10 East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

3

20 The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place;
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine;

4

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

30

5

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

40

6

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

7

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

50

8

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap,
 60 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

9

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand:
 70 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

10

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome;
 80 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

11

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men:
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

12

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

90

13

ut by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

100

14

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

110

15

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

120

16

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

17

130 To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;
 Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
 In Crustumerium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

18

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 140 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

19

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate;
 Short time was there ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 150 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

20

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

160

21

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

170

22

And plainly, and more plainly
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine:
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

180

23

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 190 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymane.

24

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 200 That wrought the deed of shame.

25

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the housetops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

26

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 210 What hope to save the town?"

27

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

220

28

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

230

29

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? "

240

30

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

31

250 "Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 " As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

32

260 Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

33

270 Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

34

280 Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

35

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 290
Where stood the dauntless Three.

36

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way. 300

37

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar. 310

38

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:

At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

39

320 Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three;
 And Lausulus of Urge,
 The rover of the sea;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

40

330 Herminius smote down Aruns:
 Lartius laid Ocnus low :
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

41

340 But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

42

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna 350
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

43

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter 360
 Stand savagely at bay :
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ? "

44

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ; 370
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

45

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a handbreadth out 380
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

46

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

47

390 On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here!
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

48

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 400 Mingied of wrath and shame and dread,
 Along that glittering van,
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

49

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three:
 410 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,

All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

50

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried "Forward !" 420
And those before cried "Back !" 420
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

51

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud, 430
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome."

52

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread ;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way 440
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

53

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
450 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

54

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

55

460 But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

56

470 And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

57

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus, 480
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

58

Loud turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river 490
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

59

“O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

60

No sound of joy or sorrow 500
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

61

510 But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

62

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
520 Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

63

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus ;
"Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !"
530 "Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

64

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
540 He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

65

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

66

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

550

67

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volseian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

560

68

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

570

69

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
580 When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

70

When the foodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX ON
THE IDES OF QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY
CCCCLI.

I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
Ho, lictors, clear the way!
The Knights will ride in all their pride
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum
To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned; 10
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends:
December's Nones are gay:
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides, 20
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

2

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius,
Tossing in waves of pine,

30

O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,
The City of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

3

40

50

60

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green;
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle;
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and warhorse reeled;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

4

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint :
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint :
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight
Will keep thy head away.

70

5

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginus
Was Consul first in place;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The Herald of the Latines
From Gabii came in state:
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate:
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand:
And there he did his office,
A sceptre in his hand.

80

90

6

"Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome,
The Thirty Cities charge you
To bring the Tarquins home;
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong."

100

7

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:
"Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest:
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in mortal fight.
Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
110 And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw
Fled screaming far away."

8

The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state
The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Thus spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise:
120 "Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'T is good that one bear sway;
Then choose we a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey.
Camerium knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites,
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
130 For six months and no more,
And have a Master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four."

9

So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights;

He made Æbutius Elva
 His Master of the Knights.
 On the third morn thereafter,
 At dawning of the day,
 Did Aulus and Æbutius
 Set forth with their array. 140
 Sempronius Atratinus
 Was left in charge at home
 With boys and with grey-headed men,
 To keep the walls of Rome.
 Hard by the Lake Regillus
 Our camp was pitched at night;
 Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
 Under the Porcian height.
 Far over hill and valley
 Their mighty host was spread; 150
 And with their thousand watch-fires
 The midnight sky was red.

10

Up rose the golden morning
 Over the Porcian height,
 The Proud Ides of Quintilis
 Marked evermore with white.
 Not without secret trouble
 Our bravest saw the foes;
 For girt by threescore thousand spears,
 The thirty standards rose. 160
 From every warlike city
 That boasts the Latian name,
 Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
 That gallant army came;
 From Setia's purple vineyards,
 From Norba's ancient wall,
 From the white streets of Tusculum,
 The proudest town of all;
 From where the Witch's Fortress
 O'erhangs the dark-blue seas; 170
 From the still glassy lake that sleeps
 Beneath Aricia's trees, —
 Those trees in whose dim shadow

The ghastly priest doth reign,
 The priest who slew the slayer,
 And shall himself be slain;
 From the drear banks of Ufens,
 Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
 180 And buffaloes lie wallowing
 Through the hot summer's day;
 From the gigantic watch-towers,
 No work of earthly men,
 Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
 The never-ending fen;
 From the Laurentian jungle,
 The wild hog's reedy home;
 From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
 In floods of snow-white foam.

11

190 Aricia, Cora, Norba,
 Velitræ, with the might
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,
 Were marshalled on the right:
 The leader was Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 Upon his head a helmet
 Of red gold shone like flame;
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-grey hue he rode;
 200 Over his gilded armour
 A vest of purple flowed,
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.

12

Lavinium and Laurentum
 Had on their left their post,
 With all the banners of the marsh,
 And banners of the coast.
 Their leader was false Sextus,
 210 That wrought the deed of shame:

With restless pace and haggard face
 To his last field he came.
 Men said he saw strange visions
 Which none beside might see,
 And that strange sounds were in his ears
 Which none might hear but he.
 A woman fair and stately
 But pale as are the dead,
 Oft through the watches of the night
 Sat spinning by his bed.
 And as she plied the distaff,
 In a sweet voice and low,
 She sang of great old houses,
 And fights fought long ago.
 So spun she, and so sang she,
 Until the east was grey,
 Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
 And shrieked, and fled away.

220

13

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes,
 And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.
 There Tibur marched and Pedum
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
 And Ferentinum of the rock,
 And Gabii of the pool.
 There rode the Volscian succours :
 There, in a dark stern ring,
 The Roman exiles gathered close
 Around the ancient king.
 Though white as Mount Soracte,
 When winter nights are long,
 His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
 His heart and hand were strong;
 Under his hoary eyebrows
 Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
 And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
 'T was more with hate than age.

230

240

250

Close at his side was Titus
 On an Apulian steed,
 Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
 Too good for such a breed.

14

260

Now on each side the leaders
 Gave signal for the charge;
 And on each side the footmen
 Strode on with lance and targe;
 And on each side the horsemen
 Stuck their spurs deep in gore,
 And front to front the armies
 Met with a mighty roar:
 And under that great battle
 The earth with blood was red;
 And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
 The dust hung overhead;
 And louder still and louder
 Rose from the darkened field
 The laying of the war-horns,
 The clang of sword and shield,
 The rush of squadrons sweeping
 Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
 The shouting of the slayers,
 And screeching of the slain.

270

15

280

False Sextus rode out foremost;
 His look was high and bold;
 His corselet was of bison's hide,
 Plated with steel and gold.
 As glares the famished eagle
 From the Digentian rock
 On a choice lamb that bounds alone
 Before Bandusia's flock,
 Herminius glared on Sextus,
 And came with eagle speed,
 Herminius on black Auster,
 Brave champion on brave steed;
 In his right hand the broadsword

That kept the bridge so well,
 And on his helm the crown he won
 When proud Fidenæ fell.
 Woe to the maid whose lover
 Shall cross his path to-day!
 False Sextus saw, and trembled,
 And turned, and fled away.
 As turns, as flies, the woodman
 In the Calabrian brake.
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye
 Of that fell speckled snake;
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
 And hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
 Bristling with crest and spear.

290

300

16

But far to north Æbutius,
 The Master of the Knights,
 Gave Tubero of Norba
 To feed the Porcian kites.
 Next under those red horse-hoofs
 Flaccus of Setia lay;
 Better had he been pruning
 Among his elms that day.
 Mamilius saw the slaughter,
 And tossed his golden crest.
 And towards the Master of the Knights
 Through the thick battle pressed.
 Æbutius smote Mamilius
 So fiercely on the shield
 That the great lord of Tusculum
 Wellnigh rolled on the field.
 Mamilius smote Æbutius,
 With a good aim and true,
 Just where the neck and shoulder join,
 And pierced him through and through;
 And brave Æbutius Elva
 Fell swooning to the ground,
 But a thick wall of bucklers
 Encompassed him around.

310

320

His clients from the battle
 Bare him some little space,
 And filled a helm from the dark lake,
 And bathed his brow and face;
 And when at last he opened
 330 His swimming eyes to light,
 Men say, the earliest word he spake
 Was, " Friends, how goes the fight ? "

17

But meanwhile in the centre
 Great deeds of arms were wrought ;
 There Aulus the Dictator
 And there Valerius fought.
 Aulus with his good broadsword
 A bloody passage cleared
 To where amidst the thickest foes,
 340 He saw the long white beard.
 Flat lighted that good broadsword
 Upon proud Tarquin's head.
 He dropped the lance ; he dropped the reins ;
 He fell as fall the dead.
 Down Aulus sprung to slay him,
 With eyes like coals of fire ;
 But faster Titus hath sprung down,
 And hath bestrode his sire.
 Latian captains, Roman knights,
 350 Fast down to earth they spring,
 And hand to hand they fight on foot
 Around the ancient king.
 First Titus gave tall Cæso
 A death wound in the face ;
 Tall Cæso was the bravest man
 Of the brave Fabian race :
 Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
 The priest of Juno's shrine :
 360 Valerius smote down Julius,
 Of Rome's great Julian line ;
 Julius who left his mansion
 High on the Velian hill,
 And through all turns of weal and woe

Followed proud Tarquin still.
 Now right across proud Tarquin
 A corpse was Julius laid ;
 And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
 And at Valerius made.
 Valerius struck at Titus.
 And lopped off half his crest ;
 But Titus stabbed Valerius
 A span deep in the breast.
 Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
 Valerius reeled and fell.
 Ah ! woe is me for the good house
 That loves the people well !
 Then shouted loud the Latines,
 And with one rush they bore
 The struggling Romans backward
 Three lances' length and more ;
 And up they took proud Tarquin.
 And laid him on a shield,
 And four strong yeomen bare him.
 Still senseless, from the field.

370

380

18

But fiercer grew the fighting
 Around Valerius dead :
 For Titus dragged him by the foot,
 And Aulus by the head.
 "On, Latines, on !" quoth Titus,
 "See how the rebels fly !"
 "Romans, stand firm !" quoth Aulus,
 "And win this fight or die !
 They must not give Valerius
 To raven and to kite ;
 For aye Valerius loathed the wrong.
 And aye upheld the right ;
 And for your wives and babies
 In the front rank he fell.
 Now play the men for the good house
 That loves the people well !"

390

400

19

Then tenfold round the body
 The roar of battle rose,
 Like the roar of a burning forest
 When a strong north-wind blows.
 Now backward, and now forward,
 Rocked furiously the fray,
 Till none could see *Vitellius*,
 And none wist where he lay.
 For shivered arms and ensigns
 Were heaped there in a mound,
 And corpses stiff, and dying men
 That writhed and gnawed the ground ;
 And wounded horses kicking,
 And snorting purple foam ;
 Right well did such a couch befit
 A Consular of Rome.

20

But north looked the Dictator ;
 North looked he long and hard ;
 And spake to *Caius Cossus*,
 The Captain of his Guard :
 " *Caius*, of all the Romans
 Thou hast the keenest sight ,
 Say, what through yonder storm of dust
 Comes from the Latian right ? "

21

Then answered *Caius Cossus* :
 " I see an evil sight :
 The banner of proud *Tusculum*
 Comes from the Latian right ;
 I see the plumed horsemen ;
 And far before the rest
 I see the dark-grey charger,
 I see the purple vest ;
 I see the golden helmet
 That shines far off like flame ;
 So ever rides *Mamilius*,
 Prince of the Latian name . "

22

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
 Spring on thy horse's back ;
 Ride as the wolves of Apennine
 Were all upon thy track ;
 Haste to our southward battle,
 And never draw thy rein
 Until thou find Herminius,
 And bid him come again."

440

23

So Aulus spake, and turned him
 Again to that fierce strife :
 And Caius Cossus mounted,
 And rode for death and life.
 Loud clanged beneath his horse's hoofs
 The helmets of the dead,
 And many a curdling pool of blood
 Splashed him from heel to head.
 So came he far to southward,
 Where fought the Roman host,
 Against the banners of the marsh
 And banners of the coast.
 Like corn before the sickle
 The stout Lavinian fell,
 Beneath the edge of the true sword
 That kept the budge so well.

450

460

24

"Herminius' Aulus greets thee ;
 He bids thee come with speed,
 Help our central battle :
 For there is there our need.
 There was the youngest Tarquin,
 And there the Crest of Flame,
 The Tiberian Mamilius,
 The Lavinian name.
 Vainly hath fallen fighting
 Of our array,
 And Aulus of the seventy fields
 Alone upholds the day."

470

25

Herminius beat his bosom,
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's name,
He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow ;
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.

26

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
Rose with a mighty swell :
" Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well ! "

27

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way.
" Herminius ! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall nevermore go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome ! "

28

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breastplate and through breast ;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.

Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head ;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore ;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score. 510

29

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled ;
He burst through ranks of fighting men,
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home. 520
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined ;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet ;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race 530
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud :
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall ;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall. 540

30

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
 And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
 The raven-mane that daily,
 With pats and fond caresses,
 The young Herminia washed and combed,
 And twined in even tresses,
 And decked with coloured ribands
 550 From her own gay attire,
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.
 Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein.
 Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
 And ran at him amain.
 "The furies of thy brother
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursed house
 560 Upon black Auster ride!"
 As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame.
 Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came ;
 And out the red blood spouted,
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's hall.
 The knees of all the Latines
 570 Were loosened with dismay
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

31

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane,
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array ;

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

57

And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day."

580

32

So spake he ; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know ;
White as snow their armour was,
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

590

33

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.
" Say by what name men call you ?
What city is your home ?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome ?"

600

34

" By many names men call us ;
In many lands we dwell :
Well Samothracia knows us ;
Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers ;
High o'er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers ;
But by the proud Eurotas
Is our dear native home ;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome."

610

35

So answered those strange horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
 Were bold, and of good cheer.
 And on the thirty armies
 Came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea wavered on the left,
 620 And Cora on the right.
 "Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
 "The foe begins to yield!
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta
 Charge for the Golden Shield!
 Let no man stop to plunder,
 But slay, and slay, and slay;
 The gods who live forever
 Are on our side to-day."

36

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
 630 From earth to heaven arose.
 The kites know well the long stern swell
 That bids the Romans close.
 Then the good sword of Aulus
 Was lifted up to slay;
 Then, like a crag down Apennine,
 Rushed Auster through the fray.
 But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain;
 And after those strange horses
 640 Black Auster toiled in vain.
 Behind them Rome's long battle
 Came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above,
 Blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time
 Upon the Celtic plain;
 So comes the squall, blacker than night,
 Upon the Adrian main.
 Now, by our Sire Quirinus,

It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled. 650
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before.
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks 670
From where the apple-blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer.
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer; 680
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel.
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

37

Sempronius Atratinus
 690 Sate in the Eastern Gate,
 Beside him were three Fathers,
 Each in his chair of state;
 Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
 That day were in the field,
 And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
 Who kept the Golden Shield;
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
 For wisdom far renowned;
 In all Etruria's colleges
 700 Was no such Pontiff found.
 And all around the portal,
 And high above the wall,
 Stood a great throng of people,
 But sad and silent all;
 Young lads, and stooping elders
 That might not bear the mail,
 Matrons with lips that quivered,
 And maids with faces pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight,
 710 Sempronius had not ceased
 To listen for the rushing
 Of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising,
 The sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 Fast pricking towards the town.
 So like they were, man never
 Saw twins so like before;
 Red with gore their armour was,
 720 Their steeds were red with gore.

38

"Hail to the great Asylum!
 Hail to the hill-tops seven!
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
 And the shield that fell from heaven!
 This day, by Lake Regillus,
 Under the Porcian height,

All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight;
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!"

730

39

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode the strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

740

750

40

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak:
"The gods who live forever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren

760

In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
770 In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
780 Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
To Mars without the wall.
Thence let them ride in purple
790 With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred door,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome!"

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY
WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SENTINUS LATERANUS AND
CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES
OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF
THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and
true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by
you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with
care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet
may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
10 Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten
bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the
worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his
pride;
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance
with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always
seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the
kindred still:

For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons
ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
20 With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client
Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what
it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord
may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying
Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius
speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye
see;
And whereso'er such lord is found, such client still
will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black
stormy sky,
30 Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl
came by,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on
her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed
of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright frank brow that had not learned to blush at
gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced
along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the
camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the mid-
night lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his
flight,
40 From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morn-
ing light;

And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her
sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed
race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing
feet.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin
wreaths of smoke.

The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive.
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was
ringing,

50 And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was
singing,

And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her
home:

Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on
her arm,

Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of
shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this
day,

When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when
erewhile

He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true
client smile:

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and
clenched fist,

60 And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the
wrist.

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look
aghast;

And at her scream from right and left the folk came run-
ning fast;

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic
wares,

And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged
brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair
child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their
hands, and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
70 The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh,
fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine
own;
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and
sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours
old.
'T was in the sad September, the month of wail and
fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died
ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire;
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's
ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence
came
80 On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian
name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of
might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor
man's right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city in great fear obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt and sobbed and
shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius
pressed,
And stamped his foot and rent his gown, and smote upon
his breast,

And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
 90 Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords,
 are hung,
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants
 quake to hear.

“ Now by your children’s cradles, now by your fathers’
 graves,
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
 Perish, and Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece
 bleed!
 For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin’s
 evil seed?
 For this did those false sons make red the axes of their
 sire?
 For this did Scævola’s right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the
 lion’s den?
 100 Shall we, who could not brook our lord, crouch to the
 wicked Ten?
 Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate’s will!
 Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred
 Hill!
 In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
 They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian
 pride;
 They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from
 Rome;
 They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces
 home.
 But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung
 away:
 All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
 Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o’er.
 110 We strove for honours — ’t was in vain; for freedom —
 ’t is no more.
 No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
 No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the
 weak from wrong.
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath
 your will.

Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them:
— keep them still.

Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords
have won.

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not
cure,

- 120 Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes, no air in dogstar heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-
born feet.

Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs

- 130 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban
kings?

Ladies who deign not on our paths to set their tender
feet,

Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the won-
dering street,

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish
gold?

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul
endures,

The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as
yours.

Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast
with pride;

- 140 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's
blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,

And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the
wretched dare."

: : : : : : :
: : : : : : :

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn
and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
150 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began
to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell,
sweet child? Farewell!
Oh, how I loved my darling! Though stern I some-
times be,
To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to
thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to
hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last
year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me
forth my gown!
Now all those things are over, — yes, all thy pretty ways,
160 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I
return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble
halls.
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal
gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand
this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
prey!

With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, betrayed,
bereft,
170 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can
save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of
the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and
blow, —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt
never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me
one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but
this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the
side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she
died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
180 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of
death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be
found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to
stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd, for never truer
blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian
foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered
and sank down,
190 And hid his face some little space with the corner of his
gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tot-
tered nigh,

And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife
on high.
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us
twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went
his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body
lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with
steadfast feet,
200 Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred
Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or
dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings
his head!"
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his
will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled and stood
still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence
cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are
done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every
side,
210 And streets and porches round were filled with that o'er-
flowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress
crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and
sneer,

And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?

Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?

Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"

The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;

220 But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,

Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half aroused from sleep.

But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,

Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.

The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.

But close around the body, where stood the little train

230 Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns;
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,

Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.

Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.

Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip and the blood left his cheek;

And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell:

240 "See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.

Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down with the wicked
Ten ! ”
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing
through the air
Pebbles and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule
chair ;
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling
came ;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but
shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them
right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them
well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
250 His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan
bowed ;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself
is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and
shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city
towers ;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks
but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the face ;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase ;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
260 Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from
those who smite.
So now 't was seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote
upon his thigh.
“ Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray !
Must I be torn in pieces ? Home, home, the nearest
way ! ”
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered
stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule
chair ;

And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the
 right,
 Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins
 girt up for fight.
 But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the
 throng,
 270 That scarce the train with might and main could bring
 their lord along.
 Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they
 seized his gown ;
 Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him
 down.
 And sharper came the pelting ; and evermore the yell —
 " Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes ! " rose with a louder
 swell.
 And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
 When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
 When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
 And the great Thunder Cape has donned his veil of inky
 gloom.
 One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath
 the ear ;
 280 And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with
 pain and fear.
 His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with
 pride,
 Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from
 side to side ;
 And when his stout retainers had brought him to his
 door,
 His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted
 gore.
 As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grand-
 son be !
 God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there
 to see !

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX.

I

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
“ The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.”

2

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging ;
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing ;
The yoke hangs o'er the manger ;
The scythe lies in the hay ;
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

10

3

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown ;
And every head in Alba
Weareth a poplar crown ;
And every Alban doorpost
With bows and flowers is gay ;
For to-day the dead are living ;
The lost are found to-day.

20

4

They were doomed by a bloody king;
 They were doomed by a lying priest;
 They were cast on the raging flood;
 They were tracked by the raging beast.
 Raging beast and raging flood
 30 Alike have spared the prey;
 And to-day the dead are living;
 The lost are found to-day.

5

The troubled river knew them,
 And smoothed his yellow foam,
 And gently rocked the cradle
 That bore the fate of Rome.
 The ravening she-wolf knew them,
 And licked them o'er and o'er,
 And gave them of her own fierce milk,
 40 Rich with raw flesh and gore.
 Twenty winters, twenty springs,
 Since then have rolled away;
 And to-day the dead are living,
 The lost are found to-day.

6

Blithe it was to see the twins,
 Right goodly youths and tall,
 Marching from Alba Longa
 To their old grandsire's hall.
 50 Along their path fresh garlands
 Are hung from tree to tree;
 Before them stride the pipers,
 Piping a note of glee.

7

On the right goes Romulus,
 With arms to the elbows red,
 And in his hand a broadsword,
 And on the blade a head. —

A head in an iron helmet,
 With horsehair hanging down,
 A shaggy head, a swarthy head.
 Fixed in a ghastly crown, —
 The head of King Amulius
 Of the great Sylvian line.
 Who reigned in Alba Longa,
 On the throne of Aventine.

60

8

On the left side goes Remus,
 With wrists and fingers red,
 And in his hand a boar-spear,
 And on the point a head. —
 A wrinkled head and aged,
 With silver beard and hair,
 And holy fillets round it,
 Such as the pontiffs wear, —
 The head of ancient Camers,
 Who spake the words of doom:
 "The children to the Tiber;
 The mother to the tomb."

70

9

Two and two behind the twins
 Their trusty comrades go.
 Four-and-forty valiant men,
 With club, and axe, and bow.
 On each side every hamlet
 Pours forth its jovous crowd.
 Shouting lads and baying dogs
 And children laughing loud.
 And old men weeping fondly
 As Rhea's boys go by.
 And maids who shriek to see the heads
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

10

So they marched along the lake;
 They marched by fold and stall
 By cornfield and by vineyard.
 Unto the old man's hall.

90

11

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
 Capys, the sightless seer;
 From head to foot he trembled
 As Romulus drew near.
 And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
 And his blind eyes flashed fire:
 "Hail! foster-child of the wondrous nurse!
 Hail! son of the wondrous sire!"

100

12

"But thou, — what dost thou here
 In the old man's peaceful hall?
 What doth the eagle in the coop,
 The bison in the stall?
 Our corn fills many a garner;
 Our vines clasp many a tree;
 Our flocks are white on many a hill;
 But these are not for thee."

13

"For thee no treasure ripens
 In the Tartessian mine:
 For thee no ship brings precious bales
 Across the Libyan brine;
 Thou shalt not drink from amber;
 Thou shalt not rest on down;
 Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown."

110

14

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,
 To them who of man's seed are born,
 Whom woman's milk hath fed.
 Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure, nor for rest;
 Thou that art sprung from the War-god's loins,
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast."

120

15

“From sunrise unto sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame;
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name.
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

130

16

“The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master’s whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears.

140

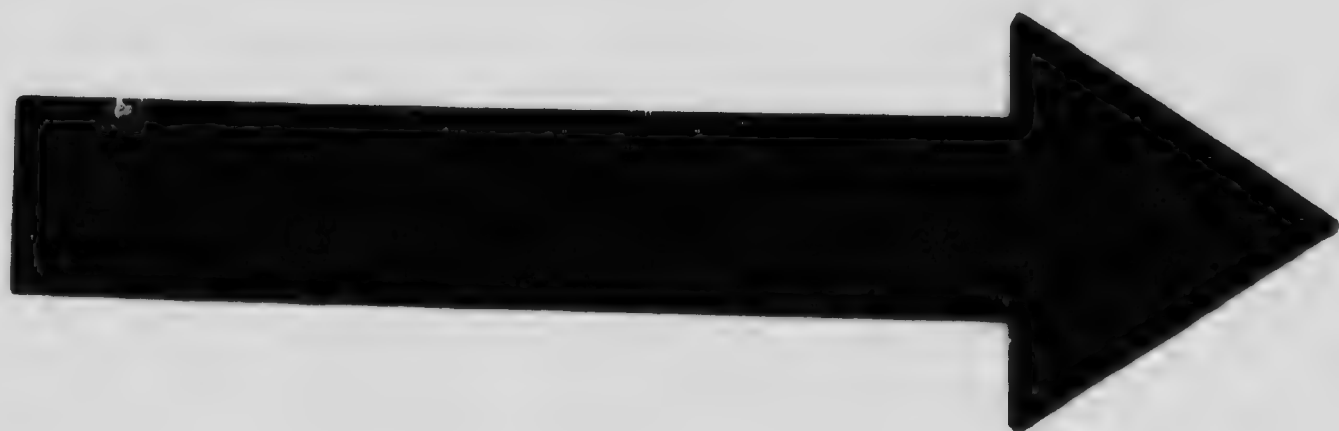
17

“But thy nurse will hear no master;
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

18

“Pomona loves the orchard;
And Liber loves the vine;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine;
And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April’s ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

150



(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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19

160 "But thy father loves the clashing
 Of broadsword and of shield;
 He loves to drink the stream that reeks
 From the fresh battle-field.
 He smiles a smile more dreadful
 Than his own dreadful frown,
 When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
 Go up from the conquered town.

20

170 "And such as is the War-god,
 The author of thy line,
 And such as she who suckled thee,
 Even such be thou and thine.
 Leave to the soft Campanian
 His baths and his perfumes;
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
 Their dyeing-vats and looms:
 Leave to the sons of Carthage
 The rudder and the oar:
 Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
 And scrolls of wordy lore.

21

180 "Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
 Roman, the sword is thine,
 The even trench, the bristling mound,
 The legion's ordered line;
 And thine the wheels of triumph,
 Which with their laurelled train
 Move slowly up the shouting streets
 To Jove's eternal fane.

22

 "Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
 Shall vail his lofty brow;
 Soft Capua's curled revellers
 Before thy chairs shall bow;

The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

190

23

"The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night;
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

24

"The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
Are glittering in the rear.

200

25

"The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly;
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die.
And Apennine's gray vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

210

26

"Hurrah! for the good weapons
That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.

220

Hurrah ! for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

27

230 " Hurrah ! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah ! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho ! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho ! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

28

240 " Hurrah ! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah ! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak ; —
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

29

250 " Hurrah ! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown :

Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
The bull as white as snow.

260

30

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

31

"Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forests
Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
Far o'er the western foam, —
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome."

270

280

NOTES ON THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

(*H.* stands for The Lay of Horatius, *R.* for The Battle of Lake Regillus, *V.* for The Lay of Virginia, *C.* for The Prophecy of Capys.)

HORATIUS.

1. LARS :— In Lady Psyche's lecture on things in general, as reported in Tennyson's *Princess*, she

“spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo.”

These names were used by the Romans as honorary titles for the Etruscan chiefs. Porsena was the Lar or Lord at this time. Look through the Lay for some of his Lucumoes.

2. He swore by his own Etruscan gods, of course. By whom does Macaulay make his Romans swear?

6. TRYSTING :— When looking up the meaning, don't forget the pronunciation.

18. Which of the places mentioned farther on would be likely to supply the horsemen, which the footmen?

24. This is the first simile in the Lays : pick out a dozen or so of the best of them.

30-33. Take a map and look into this. Note the distance and direction and intervening objects.

37. For where the fair-haired slaves came from, *v. C.*, stanza 23.

40-41. Lady Trevelyan (Macaulay's sister) :—“He readily took in the points of a landscape ; and I remember being much struck by his description of the country before you reach Rome, which he gives in Horatius. When I followed him over that ground many years after, I am sure that I marked the very turn in the road where the lines struck him :—

From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

And so on through ‘reedy Thrasymene,’ and all the other localities of the poem.”

49. MERE :— Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur* :—

“Take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere.”

v. the dictionary. The word is now used only in poetry, but we have it in some English lake-names, such as Windermere.

54-55. In Macaulay's Journal of his tour in Italy in 1838-39, he says under date Tuesday, November 13th (1838) : — "Toward evening I began to notice the white oxen of Clitumnus."

58-65. OLD MEN, BOYS, GIRLS : —

Cf. Marston, Canto 4, Stanza 12 : —

"For none were in the castle then
But women, boys, or aged men."

72. Etruscan, like Hebrew and Arabic and Persian, was written from right to left.

74-81. *Cf.* I. Kings xxii. 20 ff.

83. TALE : — *Cf.* Exodus v. 8, and Milton's *L'Allegro*, line 67 : —

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

92-93. Memorise these two lines, and you won't be likely to mispronounce ALLY any more.

106. Of six editions of the Lays now before me, four say FORKS, and two say FOLK. In V. 62, they all say FOLK.

106-121. In this passage — and indeed all through his poem — Macaulay illustrates the poetical creed which he preaches in his *Essays*.

"By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination : the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours." *Essay on Milton*.

"... the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general." *Essay on Addison*.

138. I WIS : — Surely nobody is ever bothered about what this means ; or I TROW, or I WEEN (line 518), or I WOT, or I GESSE (Chaucer). But the philologists and the annotators will have it that I WIS is a fiction and a fraud. It should be IWIS or YWIS, they say, an adverb meaning CERTAINLY. Of course this is quite right : but were our poets and ballad-writers thinking of "an adverb meaning CERTAINLY" every time they used I WIS ?

160-202. Note every point of this passage (of course you will get the lines by heart), from the sight of the distant host as a mere "swarthy storm of dust," until it comes so near that the very face of Sextus can be distinguished.

Find some similar passages in Scott's poems.

177. Collect the names of any of the twelve mentioned in the poem.

192. THRASYMENE : — Look up Hannibal. Macaulay was at Thrasymene in November, 1838. He says : — "My journey lay over the field of Thrasymenus, . . . I could see absolutely nothing. I was exactly in the situation of the consul, Flaminius — completely hid in the fog. I did not discern the lake till the road came quite close to it, and then my view extended only over a few yards of reedy mud and shallow water, so that I can truly say that I have seen precisely what the Roman army saw on that day."

229. HOLY MAIDENS : — Look up VESTAL.

242, 246. What was Horatius ?

257-272. How do people nowadays contrast THEN and NOW ?

274. HARNESS : — From Chaucer to Tennyson our poets use *this word* for ARMOUR nearly as often as they use WEED or WEEDS for DRESS.

In the Knight's Tale, Chaucer speaks of stripping the dead
 "of harneys and of wede."

In Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to his younger brother, "Doif thy harness, youth." And Macbeth says,

"At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Of the "Nine-and-twenty knights of fame" who "hung their shields in Branksome-Hall," Scott says, —

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword, and spur on heel:
 They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day nor yet by night."

Tennyson makes Enid say, speaking of her husband Geraint, —

"Far liefer had I gird his harness on him,
 And ride with him to battle and stand by."

300. What did Horatius call "the narrow way" when he was speaking to the Consul?

311-381. In the hand-to-hand fighting in these lines, some use the edge and some the point of their swords. Which use which?

360-361. In a letter to his friend Mr. Ellis, in 1842, Macaulay says: —
 "Your objection to the lines

" 'By heaven,' he said, 'yon rebels
 Stand manfully at bay.'

is quite sound. I also think the word 'rebels' objectionable, as raising certain modern notions about allegiance, divine right, Tower Hill, and the Irish croppies, which are not at all to the purpose. What do you say to this couplet?

Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay'

'Litter' is used by our best writers as governing the plural number."

384-389. On a painting by Salvator Rosa, which Macaulay saw after writing this, he says: — "There was a Salvator which I was pleased to see, because the thought had occurred to me in Horatius — an oak struck by lightning, with the augurs looking at it in dismay."

392. AMAIN: — This word occurs often in these lays; look it up and note the different shades of meaning.

434. "There lies the road to Rome" is what the Mediterranean pirates used to say to their Roman prisoners as they took them to the ship's side and made them step overboard.

488-491. Macaulay put his home on Mt. Coelius at first. When at Rome in 1838 he wrote: — "I went toward the river, to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius stood, and looked about to see how my Horatius agreed with the topography. Pretty well: but his house must be on Mount Palatine: for he would never see Mount Coelius from the spot where he fought."

490-495. In connection with his first sight of the Rhone (on his birthday in 1838), Macaulay wrote: — "I thought, as I wandered along the quay, of the singular love and veneration which rivers excite in those who

live on their banks ; of the feeling of the Hindoos about the Ganges ; of the Hebrews about the Jordan ; of the Egyptians about the Nile ; of the Romans,

Cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia Tibrin ;

of the Germans about the Rhine. Is it that rivers have, in a greater degree than almost any other inanimate object, the appearance of animation, and something resembling character ? They are sometimes slow and dark-looking ; sometimes fierce and impetuous ; sometimes bright, dancing, and almost flippant."

Some years later he said of the Thames : — " I wonder that no poet has thought of writing a descriptive poem on the Thames. Particular spots have been celebrated ; but surely there is no finer subject of the sort than the whole course of the river from Oxford downward. . . . Is there any river in the world which, in so short a space, affords such subjects for poetry ? Not the Tiber, I am sure, nor the Seine."

510. What other word did he use before for CURRENT ? And what does he use afterwards ?

524-525. Macaulay quotes as follows to illustrate this : —

" Our ladye bare upp her chinne."

Ballad of Childe Waters.

" Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force ;

Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing place."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

13. Cf. line 261.

135. Try an imitation of this suited to our time.

The 70 stanzas in *H.*, 57 are constructed on the same metrical plan, eight lines long, and with two rimes, each occurring twice. The other 13 stanzas vary in length from nine to twelve lines ; and in the number and the arrangement of the rimes there are seven different varieties. Pick out these odd stanzas and note their peculiarities, and try to find out why their versification was made to differ from that of the major part of the poem. Cf. *H.* in this respect with the other Lays, especially *R. & C.*

How do these poems compare with others that you know in regard to what the text-books call 'imperfect rimes' ?

BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.

13. v. Horatius 98, etc.

14. v. V. 102, and note.

15-20. Roman holidays. v. the title and lines 777 ff. for one ; and look up MATRONALIA and FAUNALIA for the other two.

20. For what are red letters used on our calendars ? What is meant by 'black Monday' ?

33. For location of the Lake *v.* Preface.
 35. ALL IN THE : — a common expression in our old ballads.
 45. What rhythmic or other advantage has ANGLE over FISH-HOOK ?
 63. *Cf.* Milton's Lycidas, —

"What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn."

78. For this use of OR *v.* I. Corinthians xv. 5, and Hamlet 1. 1. 25.
 169-170. *v.* note on V. 6.
 174-176. Look up ARICIA.
 179. What sort of beasts were these buffaloes ? *v.* also 275, and C. 104.
 215-216. *Cf.* Marmion 6, 32, and Macbeth 3, 4.
 216. BUT HE : — *Cf.* II. 355, and the famous passage in 'Casabianca' which serves ever and anon as a battle-ground for the grammar-mongers.
 217-220. *v.* V. 38.
 225. "Strangely har-h," says Mr. Cotter Morison, "a concourse of sibilants which can hardly be spoken, and would have shocked a musical ear."

How does the line fit your mouth, and how does it affect the ears of your musical friends ?

226. Why did she leave then ? Look at Hamlet 1. 1, and 1. 5.
 241. Approaching Rome on November 14th, 1838, Macaulay says : —
 "As the day wore on, I saw the Tiber for the first time. I saw Mount Soracte, and, unlike Lord Byron, I loved the sight for Horace's sake."
 For the Byron allusion *v.* Childe Harold iv. 74-77 ; for Horace *v.* Odes 1. 9.

263. On January 1st, 1839, Macaulay writes : — "I shall not soon forget the three days which I passed between Rome and Naples. As I descended the hill of Velletri, the huge Pontine marsh was spread out below like sea. I soon got into it ; and, thank God, soon got out of it."

272. What do you say to this ?
 307-308. *v.* C. 106, and note.
 325. *v.* V. for more about Roman "clients." *Cf.* their use of the word with ours.

- 375-376. *v.* 395-400. Look up PUBLICOLA.
 408. WIST : — *v.* Mark ix. 6. Not the past of WIS in H. 138.
 466. *v.* 433-434, 310, 195-196.
 480. *v.* The Armada 35.
 495-496. *Cf.* Macbeth, 5. 8. 33.
 557. *v.* 213-228, H. 199-200, V. 193. Look up FURIES.
 587. WHITE AS SNOW : — Look out some other WHITE comparisons.
 609-610. *v.* 29-32.

611. Collect the BATTLE's, and note the different shades of meaning in the word.

649-652. In "a pean of hearty, unqualified panegyric" in Blackwood's Magazine, Christopher North (Professor Wilson) quotes these lines, and says : — "That is the way of doing business ! A cut-and-thrust style, without any flourish. Scott's style when his blood was up, and the first words came like a vanguard impatient for battle."

And Leslie Stephen quotes 649-656 as a contrast to some lines from Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and adds : — "And so on in verses which innumerable schoolboys . . . know by heart. And in such cases the verdict of the schoolboy is perhaps more valuable than that of the

literary connoisseur. There are, of course, many living poets who can do tolerably something of far higher quality which Macaulay could not do at all. But I don't now who, since Scott, could have done this particular thing."

721. *ASYLUM*: — "The Asylum was a place of refuge established by Romulus as a means of attracting population to his new city."

723. *v.* VESTA, and MATRONALIA.

724. *v.* 623-624, 696, H. 81, and *cf.* Acts xix. 35.

765-768. Look up 'St. Elmo's Fire,' and *cf.* Dibdin's lines about the
"sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

v. also Acts xxviii. 11.

VIRGINIA.

'Fragments' only, observe, as stated in the title and as shown by the breaks in the text.

1. *COMMONS*: — What names are used in the Lays for (a) the citizens at large, (b) the dominant class, (c) the members of the senate, (d) those who had been consuls? Cite passages.

5. A similar 'fable' occurs in the play, King Henry VI., Part 2. One of the so-called Homeric hymns tells how Bacchus was once seized by pirates and carried on board their ship, and how "quickly to them appeared prodigious deeds. First indeed sweet-scented wine bubbled through the black ship, and an ambrosial savour arose, and dread seized all the sailors as they beheld."

6. *v.* Gorgo and Circe. Circe is the 'Witch' of R. 169.

"Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine."

Comus, 50-53.

For the 'Grecian fable' about Circe, *v.* the tenth *Odyssey*.

In the version of the eleventh *Odyssey* which Broome made for Pope, we have: —

"Lest Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors armed, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night."

13-23. Make a drawing, with separate thumb-nail sketches for 16, and for 20-22 and 58.

23-28. What do we call them?

30. Why "dewy?"

47. Which of the city-gates are named in these poems?

58. In answer to a criticism on this line, Macaulay wrote: —

"He is not, I think, in the right about 'the true client smile.' 'The true client smile' is not exactly in the style of our old ballads; but it

would be dangerous to make these old ballads models, in all points, for satirical poems which are supposed to have been produced in a great strife between two parties, crowded together within the walls of a republican city. And yet even in an old English ballad I should not be surprised to find a usurer described as having the 'righte Jew grinne.'"

64. Eight years after the Lays were published Macaulay happened to be reading one of Plautus's comedies and came across the Punic name HANNO. He wrote in his diary: — "The name of Hanno in the play reminded me of Hanno in my lay of Virginia, and I went through it all during the rest of my ramble, and was pretty well pleased with it. Those poems have now been eight years published. They still sell, and seem still to give pleasure. I do not rate them high; but I do not remember that any better poetry has been published since."

74. Mention any similar ways of marking time that you have read or heard of.

75-76. Why does he give these details?

83. *v.* the title.

89-90. The column commemorated the victory of the Horatii over the Curiatii. *v.* your history of Rome.

97. *v.* Brutus.

99. Who was the fox, and who the lion? Why 'fox-earth'?

102. For the Mons Sacer story *v.* the history of Rome, and the first scene of Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

104. *v.* Coriolanus.

105. *v.* Cincinnatus.

106. FASCES:—*v.* 224.

107. What was it? Look for the answer in a previous line, and in two that follow.

115-116. *v.* 14, 244, C. 71-72, 255-256, R. 9, 132, etc.

119-126. Macaulay: — "(The plebeians) were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. . . . The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty."

148. That same sewer is in use to-day.

149. FLESHER:—*v.* 66. The word is still used in Scotland.

152-176. *v.* also H. 219-232. These passages are said by some to be weak and unsuccessful attempts at pathos. Christopher North did not think so. In reviewing the Lays in Blackwood's Magazine he said this was "the only passage in which Mr. Macaulay has sought to stir up pathetic emotion. Has he succeeded? We hesitate not to say that he has, to our heart's desire. This effect has been wrought simply by letting the course of the great natural affections flow on, obedient to the promptings of a sound, manly heart."

Trevelyan quotes this and goes on:— "Slight as it is, this bit of criticism shows genuine perspicacity. Frequent allusions in Macaulay's journals leave no doubt that in these lines he intended to embody his feelings towards his little niece Margaret, now Lady Holland, to whom then, as always, he was deeply and tenderly attached."

160. *v.* 36-38.

186. Note the rime.

193. *v.* R. 557.

232. What for?

238-239. Look up all the 'thrice's.' Quote any other instances you know.

249. *v.* 104.

275-278. What other Adriatic similes does Macaulay put into the mouths of his Roman minstrels?

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

7, 8. CHILDREN, MOTHER: — *v.* 21-22, 25-86, etc.

9-14. *v.* H. for indoor work.

17-22. *cf.* with our way of celebrating a holiday.

23-24. What does this remind you of?

25-26. Look back for names of king and priest; and forward too.

86-87. *Cf.* Marmion, i. Introd. 304-5.

99-100. *v.* 37-40, 133-34, 157-65; and H. 360.

106. Perhaps this helps to explain *v.* 307-8.

108. What did the Romans live on, then?

110. *v.* I. Kings x. 22.

111-112. *v.* R. 203-204.

116. *v.* R. 200-203.

125-126. *Cf.* Daniel Webster, a United States speech-maker, on the British Empire (1834): — "Whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hour, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

Cf. also what Kipling's Tommy Atkins has to say on the same subject: —

"Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead."

With the last line *cf.* The Armada, line 30.

152. What does Longfellow say about "the breath of the kine?"

155. Why April? Quote from Tennyson.

IVORY: — What other images do poets use for moonlight? Is this a good one?

169-176. Collect other passages in these poems reflecting in a sneering way on the unwarlike pursuits of Rome's ancient rivals.

186. Some editions read VEIL, some VAIL. Don't feel too sure at first that you have got the right meaning. When you come to read Shakespeare you will find this word spelled VEIL and VAIL and VEYL and VAYL.

197. Now the old minstrel comes to the real subject of his lay.
 201 and 203. What do you think of WHOM and WHO used thus?
 204. The Roman poet Lucretius calls the elephant "serpent-handed."
 206. The 'Pyrrhic phalanx' of Byron's hymn in Don Juan iii. 86.

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?"

230. THE RED KING:—Pyrrhus has much the same meaning as RUFUS in the name of our Norman king, and as the ROY in the name of the hero of one of Scott's novels.

232. v. The Tarentum story.

245-246. What does this mean?

271. He might have said COLOSSAL; why do you suppose he didn't?

280. v. BOZRAH in the Bible, and look up CARTHAGE.

283. Why "Morning-land." Cf. Tennyson's Locksley Hall:—

"there to wander far away,
 On from island unto island at the gateways of the day."

With this so-called prophecy cf. that of the Druid priest in Cowper's Boadicea, and that of the old Welsh bard in Gray's Ode, and that of Cranmer in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. 5. 5.

Macaulay's diary shows that he intended at first to call this Lay ROMULUS.

